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then, my child, what thy young man has produced," he continued, gently stroking the lad's long, glossy locks.

The latter ran immediately to his notes, placed our parts before us on the music stands, opened the principal part upon the desk of the pianoforte, and took his place quickly on the stool before the instrument. Zelter stationed himself behind Felix, to be ready to turn the leaves of his notes. Goethe some paces to one side, with his hand behind his back. The little composer glanced toward us with sparkling eyes: we laid the bows upon the strings of our instruments; an inclination of his dark lock, and the performance began.

Goethe listened to every note with the keenest attention, but without remark, except, perhaps, at the end of a piece an occasional "Good" or "Bravo," which he accompanied by a kindly nod of approval. Mindful of Zelter's warning, we also only by our gratified looks manifested our approval to the child, whose countenance glowed with an ever-deepening flush, as the performance progressed.

When the last composition came to an end, Felix sprang from his seat, and turned to each in succession with a questioning look. He seemed to wish to hear some expression of opinion as to his performance. Goethe, however, probably instigated by Zelter, took up the conversation, and said to Felix:

"Bravo, my son! The countenances of these gentlemen"—motioning towards us—"express plainly enough that your compositions have pleased them well. Go, now, into the garden, where they are awaiting you, and refresh and cool yourself, for your face is flaming."

Without reply, the boy darted from the room.

As we looked inquisitively toward Goethe, to see whether we were to be dismissed, he said:

"Remain a few moments longer, gentlemen. My friend and I wish to hear your opinion of this lad's composition."

A conversation of some length then ensued between us, the details of which I am indeed no longer able to give, after the lapse of so many years, especially as I find no memoranda of the same in my note-book. Many expressions and sentences, however, have remained impressed upon my memory; for my later and more intimate relations with Mendelssohn frequently gave me occasion to call to mind my first meeting with him.

Goethe expressed his regret that we had on this occasion made acquaintance with the little fellow only in concerted pieces. "Infant musical prodigies," said he, "are, now-a-days, as far as regards technical skill, no longer so great rarities; but what this little man achieves in the execution of fantasias, and of pieces at sight, borders upon the wonderful, and I could never have believed it possible for one of such tender years."

"And yet, in Frankfurt, you heard Mozart when still only in his seventh year!" cried Zelter.

"Yes," rejoined Goethe, "at that time I was myself only twelve years of age, and most certainly, like all the rest of the world, I was in the highest degree astonished by his extraordinary proficiency. What your pupil, however, already achieves bears the same relation to the performances of Mozart at that age, which the uneducated language of a man does to the lisps of an infant."

"Certainly," said Zelter, smiling, "as far as mere manual execution is concerned, Felix plays at sight, as simple exercises, and without missing a single note, the composition by which Mozart, in his day, transported the world with astonishment. But still, many others can do this also. What I look at, however, is the creative genius of the lad; and, gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "what think you of his quartet composition?"

We declared, on our part, with fullest conviction, that Felix had shown many more original thoughts than had Mozart at the same age; for the latter had then produced nothing but clever

imitations of what already existed. Accordingly, we had a right to conclude that the world would have, in this lad, a second and greater Mozart, and that the more surely, because he was in full enjoyment of exuberant health, while all other outward circumstances were favorable.

"May it be so!" said Goethe. "But who can say how a soul develops itself in the lapse of years? We have seen so many talents, giving such fair promise of future achievements, go astray, and deceive, and disappoint our high expectations. From such sad issue, however, we may hope that this youthful genius will be guarded by the teacher whom good fortune has given him in Zelter."

"I strive to be very strict with the boy," said Zelter, "and, even in his own independent labors, seek to hold him in check by the curb of rigid counterpoint studies. But how long can this continue before he escapes my discipline? Even now, I can teach him nothing more of essential importance—and once free, then first will it be manifested in what direction his own guidance will lead him."

"Yes, and especially," said Goethe, "is the influence of a teacher a problematical matter. Whatever the artist creates, which is truly great and original, he can find only within himself. To what teachers do you think Raphael, Michel Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all world-renowned masters, have owed their immortal creations?"

"It is true," remarked Zelter, "many have begun like Mozart; but as yet no one has equalled him in subsequent achievements." (Of Beethoven no mention was made, and, therefore, we have not instanced his name.)

"Felix has imagination, feeling, and technical ability—all in an eminent degree. In everything that he does, he manifests good, sometimes charming, and certainly far from puerile ideas; but as yet it is only pretty music, which still creeps upon the earth; we do not yet hear in it the accents of genius. In this I have not deceived myself. Do you not think so, gentlemen?" As he himself had expressed the opinion, we could not but assent. Still, I ventured to add, "In Mozart's boyish compositions, too, these accents were not yet audible."

I also hazarded the question, whether this quartet, as we had heard it, was entirely the child's own work.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Zelter; "every note written by his own hand, and—created, too, entirely by his own mind."

"What you have heard he has just completed, without any assistance whatever. I know well the practice of many teachers. In order to exalt their own skill in teaching, they revise and correct the productions of their pupils, until little or nothing remains of the ideas of the latter, and then give those out as the work of the scholars! This is nothing but disgraceful swindling and charlatanism. They deceive not only the relatives of their pupils and the public, but also the pupils themselves, who readily imagine that they have done everything themselves. It is an evil which has already proved the ruin of many a talent really of a high order, and hampered it in the higher development of its powers. My pupil, however, I leave to his own resources; I let him do what he is able to do at the time. In this way, the desire of creating remains ever fresh and active, because, at the time of its production, he is content with what he has done, and the pleasure which he takes in his success is not embittered by criticism. This comes soon enough of itself. The judgment grows and expands, and with this comes the inducement to fresh and better production. In this way, has this lad of twelve already written more than many a man of thirty. Let it turn out as it will, there they are, the necessary steps, which no one, not even the greatest genius, can do without, or spring over. If heaven shall only guard for us this rare plant from all baleful influences, most assuredly will it unfold itself as a bright exemplar of genius and beauty."

[From the Paris Correspondent of Musical World.]

A VISIT TO THE TOMBS OF SOME CELEBRATED MUSICIANS.

The present week, one day of which is devoted to the dead, has been characterized by such an absence of aught in the way of musical art, that I thought I should be doing something agreeable to my kind readers if I communicated to them my impressions on visiting the principal burying grounds of Paris and its neighborhood.

After strewing flowers on the tombs which cover those whom nature and friendship caused me to visit first, I proceeded to the graves of the great musicians, among whom were some who honored me with their esteem and friendship, which I valued highly.

At Passy I sought in vain for the tomb of Nicole Piccini, the author of the score of "Didon," the melodious rival of the impetuous Christopher Gluck; but alas! during the period of something more than sixty years since the illustrious Neapolitan master was laid there, the brambles of forgetfulness have caused every trace of him to disappear. As to Rameau and Sacchini, who preceded Piccini in the night of the tomb, their whitened bones were removed from the crypt of the church of St. Eustache to the Catacombs. Who can say whether the skull which held the brain that wrote "Cæsar et Pollux," or "Œdipe à Colonne," does not form the crowning piece of one of the capitals in the great Parisian ossuary?

At Montmartre I was more sadly fortunate. As soon as I entered the cemetery, my glance fell on the modest but poetic tomb of Cazot. A brass lyre decorates the last dwelling-place of him who was the first master of Fromental Halévy. Like the author of "La Juive," Cazot obtained one of the crowns as Grand Prize of Rome; but, less fortunate in his honorable artistic career, he never achieved popularity. Of the brave soldiers who expose themselves to the enemy's fire with equal courage, it is not all who return with the staff of field marshal. Halévy's tomb is a real triumph of statuary art. Duret's chisel has given us a life-size likeness of Meyerbeer's competitor. The white marble statue towers over the Jewish burying-ground like a light-house, and the expression of the great artist's face breathes a feeling of serenity and charity. We all know that Halévy was more beloved than any other artist by the poor of his time. But while the unfortunate were very sure of receiving from him more than a tithe of the money which his works produced him, young composers found in him an ardent protector; and even at the time of his first successes, he never refused his powerful recommendation in favor of those among his young colleagues whom he deemed worthy of it. I next went to the tomb of the joyous Adolphe Adam. I paid a visit also, and strewed flowers upon that of my old colleague, Louis Clapisson.

There was such a crowd at all the cemeteries I visited, that the "Longchamps des Morts" would be a good name for this day, consecrated by public piety to those who are gone.

On leaving the Cimetière du Nord, I stopped before the tomb of Henri Murger, that charming wit and poet combined. It was strewn with flow-

ers. The regular visitors of this peaceful spot know that a fragrant nosegay is placed every day by some unknown hand upon the tomb of the father of Musette, of him who sang "La Vie de Bol. è ne." We might almost fancy it was the genius of Youth, so imaginatively sculptured on the tomb by Aimé Millet, who lets fall these flowers at the foot of the monument. Parseron, the Lhormond of musical youth, and Leborne, one of the last depositaries of Cherubini's magistral instruction, also stayed the steps of friendship. Massini, the singer of nature, and, like Lully, born at Florence, fell with the first leaf of autumn. Collet, the learned professor of harmony, and Sarrete, the immortal creator of the Conservatory of Music, were likewise visited by me.

But it was at Père la Chaise that my heart was most acutely touched. That great Valley of Death holds the revered remains of Le Sueur, of Cherubini, of Boildieu, of Reicha, of Berton, of Chopin, of Bellini, and of Emile Prudent. Le Sueur, who welcomed me, in 1826, among his disciples, always entertained for me the sentiments of a father. His fiery soul excited my own to the love of what is beautiful, great and true in art. Blessed be his memory! Cherubini, who honored me with special kindness, induced the Minister of the Interior to create for me the post which for twenty-six years I have occupied at the Conservatory. Boildieu was for me a model as well as a friendly master. Reicha took me by the hand, and proposed me to Cherubini, in 1832, as his assistant professor, while Berton taught me to appreciate all the grandeur of Mozart, for whom he entertained especial reverence. As for Chopin, a Pole by birth, I loved him as a brother, and my heart bled sadly when the invaders of Warsaw destroyed and burned in the public square the piano on which this angel of Melancholy had tried his first flights. But behold us at the tomb of Bellini!—Bellini, who, in 1834, treated me like a brother, giving me the most cordial letters of recommendation to his friends in Rome and Naples, whither I proceeded, with hope in my heart and the chaplet of a "Grand Prix" around my forehead. Alas! my chaplet has had but thorns, while that of him who sang "Norma" boasts of laurels which will flourish through future ages.

As for the letters, the "open-sesames" which were to open for me so many friendly hearts, I never used them. Bellini's death, which happened in 1835, imposed upon me a painful duty. I composed for the Valle Teatro, at Rome, the "Omaggio alla Memoria di Bellini," to words by the Roman poet, Luidguia Pilana, as a public mark of the respect of the whole world for the genius cut off in its prime. But behold the tomb of Emile Prudent! Another talented man, full of youth, glory, and strength, who succumbed at the very moment everything smiled upon him! He was my friend and my pupil in the dry study of science, which his melodious genius knew so well how to conceal beneath the flowers of inspiration. Not far from him reposes Pierre Lagrave, a young fellow-student of mine, one of the first victims of the cholera, in 1832. He was twenty years of age. His natural abilities were admirable, and he would, doubtless, have achieved a brilliant career. But wherefore lament the lot

of an artist who seemed destined to accomplish great things? Who knows? Perhaps, like so many who have survived him, he would have been condemned to the punishment of Tantalus! There is nothing more horrible for a man than to feel worthy of taking a place at the banquet of art, and to be continually pushed back by skillful mediocrity, or by the egotism of those who possess brains, but not feeling.

Happy are those who die young, and those who die poor! The former are the only persons ever regretted, and the latter the only ones at whose obsequies the tears shed are sincere.

A. ELWART.

ART MATTERS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SOUTH ROOM (Continued).

No. 457, "The Signal," is probably one of the worst pictures ever painted by Geo. Inness: the sky is hard and cold, the distance ditto, while the foreground is painted with total disregard to truth or nature. Mr. Inness never should have exhibited this picture.

Nos. 470 and 484 are badly painted portraits of General and Mrs. Fremont, by Joseph Fagnani, that of the lady being peculiarly diverted of all semblance of vitality.

No. 471 is Edwin White's "Trial of St. Stephen before the Council of Sanhedrim." The picture has already been noticed at length in these columns.

No. 472, "The Rock of Ages," by J. A. Oertel, is remarkably suggestive of the "Black Crook," and is particularly noticeable for some very blue and very marvellously painted water.

Now we come to the great gem, in size, of the exhibition; its number is 479, it is called "Chocorua Peak," and it is painted by D. Huntington, P. N. A. Mr. Huntington has earned for himself the reputation of being one of the best of our portrait painters; heretofore, however, his efforts in the landscape line have not been crowned with what can justly be termed overwhelming success. This is no reason, however, why, when Mr. Huntington *does* paint a landscape it should not be hung upon the "line." Besides, Mr. Huntington is President of the National Academy, and a member of the Hanging Committee.

Chocorua Peak is generally supposed to be a pretty high place, whether it is that Mr. Huntington's lofty imagination soars beyond height, or whether it is that, like Kate Peyton in "Griffith Gaunt," he has eyes that look forward an unlimited number of miles it is impossible to state with any degree of certainty, suffice it to say that, whatever may be the height of the Chocorua Peak of nature, the Chocorua Peak of Mr. Huntington rises little above the level of a very second rate hill.

To the mind, trammelled by vulgar prejudices, the sky is supposed to possess some degree of atmosphere; in view of this Mr. Huntington is deserving of unbounded praise in having so entirely discarded all conventionality in the sky which surrounds his "Chocorua Peak." Wool is a very useful material—safe to speculate in, and very

comfortable when made into stockings—but it has been left for Mr. Huntington to apply it to the manufacture of the sky. Rare triumph of mind over atmospheric matter! To the inhabitant of Hoboken, and the possessor of an aquarium, water presents an appearance of transparency. Deluded mortals! They have never seen Mr. Huntington's "Chocorua Peak."

Webster defines a tree as "a plant whose stem or stock is woody, branched, and perennial, and above a certain size." Mr. Huntington defines a tree as "a metal, the hardest, most common, and most useful of all the metals,"—in other words, iron. Mr. Webster was a somewhat celebrated lexicographer, whether Mr. Huntington lays claim to the same distinction, deponent saith not. Mr. Huntington, however, is the painter of "Chocorua Peak," and the President of the National Academy; hence his definition should carry some weight.

A truly remarkable picture is "Chocorua Peak."

No. 480, "Mrs. Robert D. Holmes," by F. T. L. Boyle, is a very unsatisfactory portrait of one of the most beautiful ladies in New York.

No. 485, "The Old Tannery on the Road to Franconia," by F. D. Williams, is an effectively sunny picture, somewhat lacking in finish; the quality of the greens throughout is exceedingly pleasant.

No. 494, "The Grand Hall, Levens, Westmoreland," by E. L. Henry, is a beautiful piece of architectural drawing, almost faultless in perspective and thoroughly good in color; Mr. Henry, however, should pay more attention to the drawing and painting of the human figure.

Nos. 496 and 501, "The Contraband" and "The Recruit," by T. W. Wood, are two excellent specimens of character drawing, good alike in color and expression, though somewhat marred by an unpleasant feeling of hardness.

No. 498, "From Tegner's Drapa," by — Hamilton, is a very ambitious picture; Mr. Hamilton has attempted much and accomplished a great deal; the action of the water is well rendered, and the sky not painted upon Huntingtonian principles; the whole picture, however, is too sensational in effect to be altogether satisfactory.

Kensett's No. 499, "A Reminiscence of the Bay of Salerno," is by no means up to the gentleman's usual high standard of excellence—a strongly luminous effect is produced, it is true, but then it is produced by entirely artificial means; color is forced, and thin painting is in many parts resorted to to produce transparency. The distant water, parts of the sky, and the effect of sunlight through the trees in the foreground are almost unexceptionable, but the foreground rocks, and in fact the entire foreground, are lacking consistency. Added to this, the picture is too evident an imitation of Claude Lorraine to lay claim to any amount of originality.

No. 505, "The Meadow Brook, Simsbury," by A. D. Shattuck. Mr. Shattuck has consistently painted the same class of pictures for several years back; they are always bright, pleasant and sunny, but in no one of them is there any sign of improvement. The present picture is pleasant in